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146

NEW X-MEN®

PLANET X
1 OF 5

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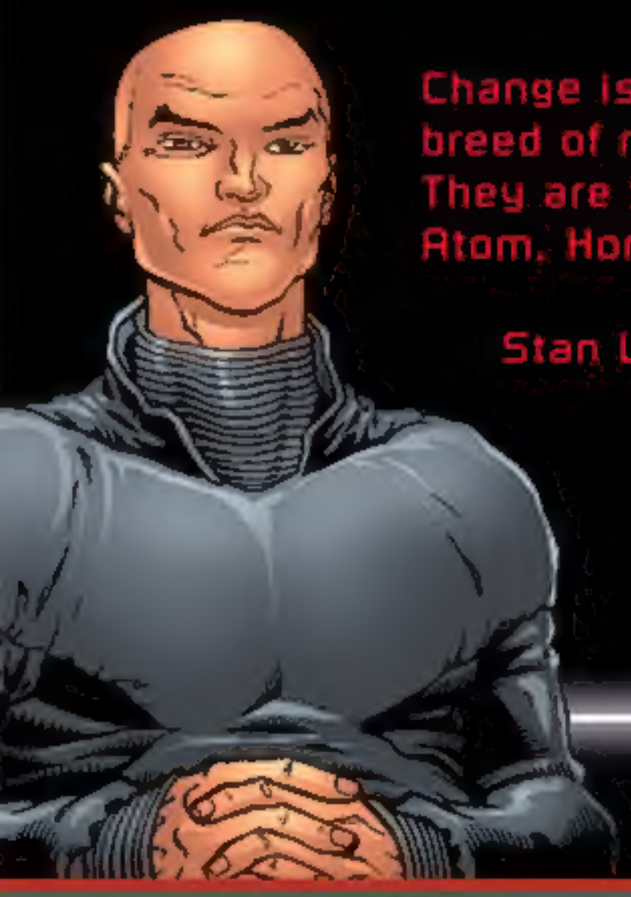

Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom. Homo superior.

Stan Lee presents...

NEW X-MEN®

PLANET X | 1 of 5

PREVIOUSLY

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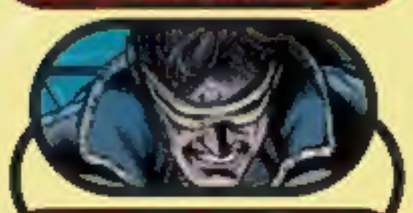
After drowning his marital sorrows over a few too many drinks at the Hellfire Club, SCOTT SUMMERS half-heartedly agrees to accompany LOGAN and FANTOMEX on a mission to "The World": a top-secret installation in England where artificially evolved super-soldiers are bred in gruesome experiments designed to exterminate mutantkind. Searching for the ever-elusive answers to his own history within the Weapon Plus Program, Logan and his companions arrive within the protective Dome of The World, only to come face-to-face with the fury of WEAPON XV, The World's latest and greatest creation of Super-Sentinel technology. Barely escaping with their lives, the heroes' valiant attempt to neutralize—and contain—the rampaging super-soldier fails. Weapon XV manages to break free from the confines of The World and escapes to the Weapon Plus Program's top secret base, a space station orbiting Earth.

After traveling to Weapon Plus space station via Fantomex's flying saucer companion E.V.A., Wolverine finally learns the horrific history of the Weapon Plus program—including the shocking story of his own past contained in the lost Weapon X files. Sickened with this newfound knowledge, the desperate and disturbed Wolverine takes matters into his own hands...literally obliterating the entire space station once and for all.

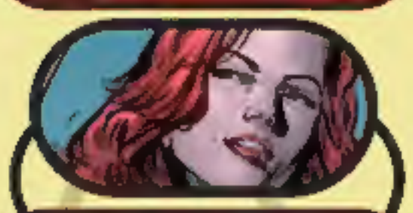
Meanwhile on Earth, things are no less chaotic. PROFESSOR XAVIER and his mutant X-MEN are recovering from the recent attempt on EMMA FROST's life. And while investigating the crime, JEAN GREY's use of the Phoenix Force grows at a dangerously alarming rate.

And, as if that weren't enough, there may be a traitor within the mansion as well...

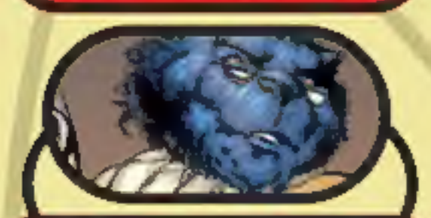
PROFESSOR X
Charles Xavier
Telepath



CYCLOPS
Scott Summers
Optic Blasts



JEAN GREY
Telepath/Telekinetic



BEAST
Dr. Hank McCoy
Super-Strength/Agility

WOLVERINE
Logan
Adamantium Claws/Healing

EMMA FROST
Telepath/Diamond Skin

XORN
Healer

FANTOMEX
Supernuman Abilities/
Super-Sentinel

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⊗THE XAVIER INSTITUTE
FOR HIGHER LEARNING
CEREBRA

X-MEN EMERGENCY!

IN ORBIT ABOVE EARTH...

LOGAN! LOGAN'S STILL UP ON THAT SATELLITE, FANTOMEX!

LOGAN!

X-MEN EMERGENCY!

Professor, is that *you?*

I'm sorry I ran out on the X-Men like I did, sir! I'll try to explain later.

Unnh... I feel like I just woke up in a burning microwave oven.

E.V.A.?

E.V.A. was hurt...

Logan's been blown to hell and needs *immediate* assistance, Fantomex! Your spaceship can *wait!*

And I need you to check allegations of a government *informant* inside the mansion, Professor!

Looks like we're above the *Pacific Ocean*-- maybe two hundred miles southeast of French Polynesia...

SCOTT!

To me, my X-Men!

I'm *leaving* this awful place the instant you're done with these tests on me, Henry.

Am I all right, or aren't I?

You'll really be *missed* if you go...you're a great teacher, Emma.

To me, my X-Men!

Wait...

...did Charles say Scott's alive?

Yup. You coming?

Hurry.

My word, Henry--you *are* nimble!

Why do I have the impending feeling that my life's approaching some kind of *horrible closure*?

I'm going away soon, Charles.

Hm?

What, Jean?

I said I'm going into *space.*

Cerebra has located Logan in near-Earth orbit and he's still alive...

Jean... Jean, slow down.

How did you know that Cerebra had found...

Oh.

The *Phoenix Force.*

The *X-Plane Mark 3* can get me there. I'm learning how to fly telepathically from a test pilot in room 221 of the Westchester Hilton.

You needn't *worry* so much, Charles.

You needn't be disheartened.

Whatever happens will be for the *best.*

I think the *world* of you, Jean.

I still hope that when I step down this summer, you'll be willing to take over as headmistress of the Institute.

Please take care.

THE SPECIAL CLASS

So you've heard what I have to say, Sooraya...

...what's your *answer?*

MEANWHILE...

?

I *thought* I felt someone nearby.

Your telepathic presence is almost *undetectable* in granular form... incredible...

Oh, this is *Cerebra*-- the helmet amplifies my telepathic gifts.

I'm sure I'd be able to locate you with *this* on if I had to.

Using this equipment, I can watch over every mutant on Earth and scan the whole globe for trouble.

Would you like me to *find* someone for you?

Sooraya, isn't it? "Dust".

We haven't had much of a chance to *talk* since Jean brought you to stay with us.

What?

I'm sure that *can't* be right...

We put you in the *special class* because Mister Xorn has an affinity for sensitive and traumatized children.

No, I'm sure he wouldn't...

Mister Xorn...you're *here.*

One of your students seems to think something's *wrong...*

I know. Something affected Dust *deeply*--she ran from the class, changing form as she went.

I think she may have lost control of her power.

PROFESSOR LOOK OUT!

Sooraya!

STOP!

URRRH

Xorn, what's happening?

In this form, she could cut our flesh to the bone!

Sooraya!

Not Cerebra!

That's very delicate machinery!

Without it, I can't keep in touch with my X-Men!

Whoah! Killer fog!

That's a pretty *cool* mutant gift, huh, Beak?

My strobe eye is *crap* compared to this.

Martha says we better put Dust in *here*, Basilisk.

It...it doesn't feel right because Martha's voice has gotten all *snotty*, but she still says we better...

Oh. Okay...

You hold it open and I'll catch her with my eye.

UKK!

Crazy jihad!

Retreat!

Martha says we have to do what *Mister Xorn* says!

It's almost *impossible* to grasp hold of her consciousness in this form!

I need her to become coherent.

Help.

Help me, Professor X...

Lie down, Dust.

There...she's subdued.

I have her, Professor.

What a beach!

Hyukk!

THE PACIFIC

He's ***near*** here, Henry. I know it! Scott gives off the most bizarre and aloof psychic radiation I've ***ever*** experienced.

But there's something ***wrong,*** Henry...he's found something out...

...a *traitor* at the Institute?

We have to get closer.

What? A traitor?

Tell him he's ***nuts.***

What kind of traitor would let us fly all the way out here to ***save*** him?

BOOM!

ABOVE EARTH...

Profssor?

Professor, did something just happen to *Cerebra*?

Professor?

Logan?

Get out, Jean.

Logan...what's *happening* here?

Oh... Oh my God.

Asteroid M!

Get outta here, Jeannie!

It's a trap!

Don't you recognize this place?

XAVIER'S...

Dust refused to renounce her religion...she was raised a Muslim in the Sunni tradition.

You were making her do those things in the Cerebra chamber-- *weren't* you?

Xorn... why is that map *upside down?*

I tried to show her the errors in...

...I tried to tell her she was *wrong* to exalt spurious *faith* over her *species* loyalty...

It's a picture of the *future,* Charles...I call it *Planet X.*

I'm teaching my students to imagine *tomorrow,* and giving them the tools to *take* them there...

Let Sooraya *out* of the jar, Mister Xorn.

She's *very afraid.*

She has *reason* to be.

It's too late to stop it.

I've been educating the next generation of *terror*, right here under your *nose*.

MAGNETO WAS RIGHT.

And as for these posters...

...these images are *inappropriate* for the school.

Not to mention *baffling*.

You've had it all to *yourself* for too long and nothing much has *changed*...has it, Charles?

Without guidance, without an effective creed, I've watched your "*dream*" run *rampant*, watched discipline *fail*.

It will all begin to happen very quickly now.

Xorn, what are you talking about?

CLUNK!

SNHT!

SNHT!

A man in an *iron* prison. A *star* for a brain?

I kept thinking it was too *obvious*, but still you *missed* it.

There *was* no *Feng Tu* mutant prison in China, Charles-- I *assembled* it especially for the occasion.

Xorn.

Have you any idea how much I've *hated* this pretense? His simpering homilies, his Zen diaries, his sickening New Age passivity?

How long I've waited to do *this?*

Oh God!

This isn't happening! Don't do this!

NNGH

He's crippled again, sir.

Hyukk

My *Nano-Sentinels* were gluing your spine together all this time.

I've been holding you *up*-- and now I'm *cutting your strings.*

You're such a *clever* man, Charles. But nowhere *near* as clever as you like to *think.*

But... but he's dead...

...how can he be...

He's trying to provoke a *war!*

Magneto's not dead!

MAGNETO SET US UP!

MAGNETO WAS RIGHT

X-Men emergency *indeed,* Charles...

...the dream is *over.*

TO BE CONTINUED